

THE DRUG CLERK'S STORY.

He Talks of Headaches and Nervousness and Gives a Cure for Both.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

The following interesting story as told by Henry Maier, who hands out medicine over the counter of Dr. Andrew F. Burkhardt's drug store at 271 Orange Street, this city, will prove of interest to all sufferers from headache and nervousness. He said: "I was not always strong and robust as I am now. Long hours of work and study had left me in a wretched condition. Frightful, lingering headaches found me a ready victim, and at times I was so nervous that the dropping of a pin would cause me to give a violent start, and then I would be seized with a fit of trembling that was, to put it mildly, exceedingly bothersome. Well, I began to doctor myself. Now I flatter myself that I know something of medicine; but with all my knowledge, I could find nothing that would cure those terrible headaches or put an end to my extreme nervousness. When I picked up a bottle my hand would shake as though I had the chills, and if it was a powder that I was handling I stood a good chance of sprinkling it all over these black trousers. Things went from bad to worse, and I soon realized that a man of my physical condition had better not attempt to mix any medicine. "Try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said Dr. Burkhardt, one day; and as you know the doctor's advice is always worth following I got the Pink Pills and began to take them. Aladdin's lamp never performed the wonders of these pills. Would you believe it? Before I had taken the contents of one box my headache began to give me a day off occasionally, and soon it left me entirely. How about my nervousness? Well, the pills put an end to that with almost startling abruptness. You see I know enough about the business to appreciate the importance of following the prescribing physicians' directions, and by paying strict attention to those given by Dr. Williams with each box of his Pink Pills, I was soon another fellow. Look at me now! A picture of health, eh? Well, that is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do for a man, or a woman either. See, I can hold this glass of water out now without spilling a drop, but I couldn't do that two months ago, and—

"What is it, ma'am?" he asked as a neatly dressed woman came up to the counter. "A box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." "Yes, ma'am, fifty cents, please. Thank you."

"These Pink Pills are great things," said Mr. Maier, as he turned to the reporter again, and the latter, after all he had heard, thought so too.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

PLANS OF REFORMERS.

Municipal League of Cincinnati Has a Program.

The Municipal Reform league of Cincinnati will take a lively interest in the political campaign this fall. It will not put an independent ticket in the field, as was at first proposed, but will wait until the regular Republican and Democratic nominations are made. Then the league will make selection of those candidates which will give most encouragement to reform propositions. The league will try to get pledges from legislative nominees to support certain measures in the interest of reforms which are looked upon by the league as necessary to the proper enforcement of law in Cincinnati.

There are three measures which the league has determined upon.

It will strike off the imprisonment clause in the cases of Sunday and midnight law violators, leaving the penalty a fine. This will in effect do away with police court juries and throw the responsibility directly on the judge. As the law is at present, the juries will not convict because public sentiment does not approve of the imprisonment penalty.

It will refuse an offender bond on the occasion of his second arrest the same day for the repetition of an offense. This looks to the absolute closing of saloons on Sunday and at midnight, by looking up the proprietor on his second offense and keeping him a prisoner until the time has passed in which he can offend. The league claims that under the present law a saloonkeeper or a bartender, when arrested, gives bond and returns and repeats the violation and so on ad infinitum.

It will provide lastly for the arrest of offenders as soon as the offense is begun, and not wait until it is completed. By this it is sought to entirely abolish Sunday theaters. The league claims that its experience in the past has been that the police officials refuse to arrest the actor managers and actors until the performance is over. It wants them arrested as soon as the performance begins, which would prove so disastrous as to compel the theaters to close on Sunday.

Should the league succeed in securing the introduction and passage of such amendments to the existing laws, they would not apply to Cincinnati alone, but to all the cities and villages of the state, and for this reason the league hopes to secure the co-operation of reform organizations throughout the state and so to prevail with the Legislature.

A Domesticated Seal.

A Portland man captured a young seal a short time ago and took it to his fish-house on Portland pier. After feeding the animal a few days the capor finally decided to release it. The seal would not swim away when put in the harbor and cried to be taken back. Afterward it was taken down the harbor and dropped overboard, but swam alongside a vessel and cried so pitifully that it was taken on board and brought back to its owner. Now it goes out to swim, but invariably returns for rations of milk, and is as intelligent as the most "knowing" dog.—Kennebec Journal.

When one second is drunk and the other sober, it is the sober-second thought that may prevent a duel.

We hear about bearding a lion, but male lions are usually bearded by nature.

WOMAN IN THE MOON.

SHE FINALLY INVADES THE LAST STRONGHOLD OF MAN.

Even the Morning Stars Have Ceased Their Singing to Gossip About Her—For She Has Dethroned the Man.



WOMAN has invaded man's last stronghold. Henceforth there is no place, however remote, where she does not queen it. Not the earth alone but the universe owns her sway. Not only to every portion of the globe has she penetrated, but the whole solar system acknowledges her dominion. The morning stars have ceased to sing together, and are whispering among themselves over this revolution in celestial affairs. There is tumult among the heavenly bodies. For the man in the moon is ousted. A woman reigns in his stead. There have been rumors among the star-gazers from time to time to the effect that the occupant of the moon was a woman. But these rumors have been discredited. The sober, prosaic part of the population has regarded them as the murmurings of a visionary, a mystic. They did not dream that he who claimed to know that there was a woman in the moon was really a prophet or that the Victor

her apparently usurp the place of the man entirely, yet there is a chance that even in the moon the masculine being is still permitted to play some little part, inferior to her ladyship, of course, and far less prominent, but a part, nevertheless. The fact that even in her picture one of his eyes is still dimly visible to the left of hers would seem to give color to this theory. Probably, like the women of this particular planet, the Lady in the Moon does not desire or demand the extinction of man, but merely his proper subordination and retirement to his own lesser place.

There are certain old-fashioned and rather sentimental folk who refuse to take this fin de siècle view of the subject. To them the woman in the moon is merely the companion of the man in the moon—a gentle being designed by kindly fate to cheer his loneliness. This antiquated view, however, will be spurned by all the advanced thinkers of the age. Its absurdity is patent, for the lunar lady is readily seen to have taken no modest position in the background. She is in the foreground, the most conspicuous feature of the lunar landscape.

Here, too, there are little astronomers, who will probably announce that the lady is nothing more than a few mountain peaks or half a dozen extinct volcanoes, grouped rather attractively. This scientific view will, of course, be rejected in advance by both sentimentalists and believers in the woman's century.

According to Mrs. Grimwood, the face is visible whenever the moon is full. As will be seen from the picture, the



THE FACE CAN BE DISTINCTLY TRACED WHEN THE MOON IS FULL.

Hugo of lunar fiction could also say that this was the woman's century. Now, however, even the sceptics must admit that the day of the man is ended and the day of the woman in the moon begun. For a woman on the earth has seen her, and has taken her picture so well and accurately that no one who sees it can fail when next he gazes upon the big bright light of night to see the lineaments of the lady, says a New York paper. The woman who has successfully accomplished the difficult task of picturing her sister in the moon is Mrs. Henry Grimwood, the artist. Mrs. Grimwood modestly disclaims being the discoverer of her ladyship. A year or so ago when she was in Ellenville, N. Y., her attention was called to the fact that there was the profile of a woman's face in the moon. She looked earnestly, and what her eyes, made more effective by the imagination, discovered is shown in the picture.

The Lady in the Moon does not look out upon the world with the open gaze of her predecessor. She doubtless discovered at an early age that a full-face view of any inhabitant of the moon was not a beautiful one. So, with guile as truly feminine as any of her earthly sisters could be guilty of, she decided to show a graceful profile to the public. The pose of her head is upward, as though she were gazing upon higher heavens yet. She is fond of cloudy weather, for when the clouds sweep across the sky and over her own fair brow she has hair more beautiful and graceful than ever mortal maiden boasted, but on cloudless nights she is, unfortunately, bald. Perhaps her hairless condition is due to hard study, such as learned opponents of the higher education declare will eventually ruin the crowning glory of human women.

Although the view, which is the only one her ladyship gives to mortal, makes

face is in the right-hand side and is looking upward. It can be seen by the naked eye quite clearly, once one has been taught where to look for it, and perfectly with field or opera glasses. Mrs. Grimwood's sketch is, of course, an idealized picture.

Mrs. Grimwood is herself a charming example of what woman may become in the woman's century. Her apartments at the Chelsea are filled with the productions of her brush. There are pictures on the walls, tapestries at the doors, sketches in books and against easels, and even where the technique of the painter has not left its results, the mind of the artist is visible. There are dainty nooks and cozy corners, china to make a collector green-eyed for very envy, and books which would be the delight of the bibliophile. Mrs. Grimwood is herself a gracious chatelaine for her fair domain. She has none of the objectionable mannerisms of the advanced woman, but she frankly avows a liking for several masculine pursuits, among them wood-carving and carpentering. Her painting is exquisite. In all of it there is a little touch of the imaginative, idealizing tendency which gives the woman in the moon her grace. Mrs. Grimwood candidly confesses that she dislikes the prosaic, and her work shows this. Charming as are her landscapes and portraits, her imaginative works

to the visor of the cap. A small storage battery of eight hours' capacity is carried on the wheel or in the pocket with a body wire leading from it to the terminal points on the back of the cap. The lamp in front is detachable in like manner, and weighs about one and a half ounces. In its very nature it is a true searchlight, the light always being focused in the direction that the rider is looking, and, being on the visor, the eyes are protected from the glare.

TREES.

The region between the Nile and the Red Sea was once clothed in forest. So were the Scotch Highlands.

In Buena Vista, Ohio, an apple tree is reported bearing at the same time half-grown apples, buds and blossoms.

The Tea Party tree in Bowthorpe Park, Lincolnshire, England, has a hollow big enough to place a table with seats for several guests.

The oldest chestnut may be that at Torworth, England. It is fifty feet in circumference, but the trunk is very short. So long ago as 1135 it was a landmark and signal, as appears upon records.

In the west of Ireland was an enormous forest until the sixteenth century. After the Geraldine rising in 1534, this great forest was all cut away by English settlers as a means of depriving the Irish of their last hiding place and refuge.

NEW CYCLING WRINKLES.

A "Cork-Soled Pneumatic Tire" and an Electric Searchlight.

A thousand minds are busy inventing appliances to increase the speed, usefulness, comfort and portability of the bicycle. One man has patented what he calls "the cork-soled pneumatic tire." Half of the space now occupied by compound air is taken up with a semi-circular filling of cork, which is at once light and yielding and which the inventor claims will prevent punctures. He is willing to ride with his cork-soled pneumatic tires over miles of tacks, broken glass and newly spread macadam, and seems to think he has made a big discovery.

Another man sends in a plan of a home-made bicycle lamp that will not go out. An ordinary thin, straight drinking glass is first deftly removed of its bottom. Then the exterior is painted a dead black, with the exception of a small bull's eye. The top and bottom are filled with thin cork, in which holes are left for ventilation, and the light is furnished by small wax candles, such as are used on birthday cakes and in so-called fairy lamps. The wax candle, it is claimed, will not go out through vibration as readily as an oil lamp. It will burn for two hours steadily, and extra candles may be carried conveniently.

As for saddles, not a day passes without the invention of some new one, founded on anatomical or other principles. There are pneumatic saddles and coiled-spring saddles, aluminum saddles, horn saddles, saddles on springs and saddles set firmly; racing saddles, long-distance saddles, cantle saddles, single or double "lugged" elastic truss saddles, and many more that differ from others only in the merest detail.

A New England firm has placed upon the market a novel electric lamp, several of which have been seen during the week on the boulevard. The lamp, a small incandescent affair, is attached

The French Postal Dictionary.

Recently a Postal Dictionary, about the size of Webster's Unabridged, has been published, in the French language, by the International Postal Union. It contains the names of all the post-offices in the world, 203,200.

Everything from Aa, an office in Norway, to Zywiec, in Austria, is given; even our own little Uz, in Texas, is there. In names of offices and places, this book furnishes several amusing incidents. For instance, Tombstone is given as in "Territoire due Arizona;" "Las Vegas, Territoire du Nouveau-Mexique;" West Virginia is "Virginie Occidentale;" South Dakota is "Dakota du Sud," and North Dakota is "Dakota du Nord" and the District of Columbia is "District de Colombie, Etats Unis d'Amerique." Here can be found the offices of Hell-fer-Sarten, Yuba-Dam, plain everyday Hell, in Norway; Klesme, in Montana; Who, in Texas; Hells-Half-Acre, in Dakota; Breckinridge, in several places, but Trilby is not in it.—The Postal Record.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from asthma.—E. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

Lawyers practice at the bar, while bar-keepers and mosquitoes practice inside of it.

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